Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh basetsnward will, With our poor earthward striving; We quench it that we may be still Content with merely living; But, would we lears the beart's fall scope, Which we are hourly wronging. Our lives must climb from hope to hope And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise Good God not only reckbon!
The moments when we treat His ways, But when the splift beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought Beyond self-attlafaction.

Heyond self-entisfaction.

Wass we are simply good in thought,

Howe'er we fail in action. RICH AND POOR

We stand on the brink of the spirit world,

"We stand on the brink of the spirit world,
Thou and i!

In the dim sick chamber, the breathing space
Ere we meet the Destroyer, face to face!

Hast thou set thy house in order aright
For the visible advent of the night?

And made thy peace with the world thou lenves
So well. Now tell me for what thou grievest
Most deeply? What treasure has life bestowed.
And retaken? What losses he back on its road?

Losses! may more than my fast failing breath
Can recken, ere husbed in the allence of death.
Youth, with its pulses so strong and so fleet.
Its bloom and its health, the freshees and heat!
This, this, was the first!
Then Love, the Illusion, the glided deceil!
Whose barb fretted sorest, the snare was so swee.
And so tenderly nurst!
Then Rank and Rule, for the nations bowed
At my flat slone, the admiring crowid
That hailed my triumph, followed after
My fail, with mocking, stinging lengther
That rings in my memory yet!
And wealth followed pext. Ah, my gold, pracion

That rings in my memory yet!

And wealth followed next. Ah, my gold, precious gold.

The last of my treasures escaped from my hold!

The deep insafiate greedy sea.

Swallowed my priceless argosy!

Such are my losses! what of thine re-

Life gave me but little, I toiled from my birth, For clothing and tood a mere corner or cartin.

Life gave me no childhood glad, happy, and free,
Care came to me craffle, and rocked with me.

Life gave me no childhood glad happy. And Iree, Care came to my cradle, and rocked with me. But my dearest gift was bestowed at first, The mother who bore me, who watched and nur My sarilest grief, my earliest loss. Lie underneath the rough-hewn cross.

Next (crowning biles of human life. Came down of rect from heaven, a love. Soft, tender, as the brooking dove.—

Embodied in the sweetest wife.

That ever made a lowly nook.

Shine like a page from heaven's own book!

Dear! in thine early death, the second.

Of my life's losses may be reckoned.

My earthly riches did comprise.

But the bright gems of laving eyes;

My only wealth, the golden hair.

That fell in tendril curls, so fair.

The kindred sunbeams loved to linger.

And point them out with loving finger!

My little child—last gift—last loss—

Sill do they gleam my ckeps across!

Tonse are the gifts, Life gave—and took.

Taree low graves in a churchyard nook!"

"And what of these treasures will Death re

Will be give back my power, my rank, and n My false lost love, my earthly fame? My gold won back from the deep dark sea, Will death give these treasures back to me To my eager grasp restore? No! I cave this dress of the earth in vain— Immortality gives not back again These weeds on our long life shore! On the giddy verge of thine awful sea. Oh, merciful Death, is there nought for me?

HE PLACE TO

mes 434913 # 224

GEOGRA HOME VIRE INSTRUCTIONS CO.

STATEMENT

August 36, 1800, Mrs. Junes. Wheeless solves that whenever the foundried law

By Alfred S. Horsley.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1869.

"WHE DREAM OF MY LIFE."

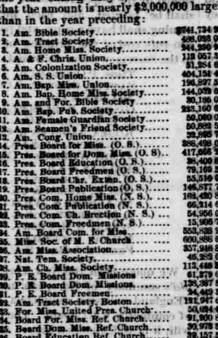
In recomming wait I may neity call the deepen of my lift, 1 do not propose to complete the second of th the moonly lake and mountains through the spen window, the same view indeed, that there was from the front of the hotel. The furniture, likewise, was changed, and wore a foreign aspect. The floor was carpetless and highly polished; the recess for only the bookcase was now much larger, and held instead of penderous tomes, a little French bed with light musting curising festioned.

HE WORLD DESCOMEND

TENNESSEE, PRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1869.

**Advantage of the comparison of the comparison

VOL. XV.-NO. 7.



YOUTHS DEPARTMEN

Poor Little Jos.

Poor little Joe could do none o things; he was a cripple, and all looked ill. Though a great sufferer was nearly always smiling and goodpered. There was something as good so winning about him that every liked him.

We have said he was a cripple; yes, so lame and so weak that he never could ge up or down stairs alone, and only nov and then a few yards about a room o

has dated, south of pink of the pink of th